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THE

<sup>k</sup>  
MAID OF THE OAKS.

A NEW

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS;

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

*By John Burgoyne..*

---

“ ——— nec dulces amores

“ Sperne Puer, neque tu choreas ;

“ Donec virenti canities abest

“ Morosa

HOR.

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M DCC LXXXVIII.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

THE OAKS

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# P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. K I N G.

UNLIKE to *ancient Fame*, all eyes, tongues, ears, }  
 See *modern Fame*, dress'd cap-a-pee, appears, }  
 In *Ledgers, Chronicles, Gazettes, and Gazetteers*:  
 My soaring wings are fine Election speeches,  
 And puffs of Candidates supply my breeches:  
 My Cap is Satire, Criticism, Wit;  
 Is there a head that wants it in the Pit? [Offering it.  
 No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;  
 I wear a *jacket*, and I wind a *horn*.  
 Pipe, Song, and Pastoral, for five months past,  
 Puff'd well by *me*, have been the gen'ral taste.  
 Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crouds!  
 Now Highgate *glitters* from her hill of clouds!  
 St. George's Fields with taste and fashion struck,  
 Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck!  
 And Drury Misses—" \* *here in carmine pride*:  
 " *Are there Pastorals by the fountain side*!  
 To frowzy bow'rs they reel thro' midnight damps,  
 With Fauns half drunk, and Driads breaking lamps;  
 Both far and near did this new whimsy run,  
 One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at *Islington*:  
 And now, as for the public bound to cater,  
 Our Manager must have his *Fête Champêtre*—  
 How is the weather? pretty clear and bright?

[Looking about.

A storm's the devil on Champêtre night?  
 Lest it should fall to spoil the Author's scenes,  
 I'll catch this gleam to tell you what he means:  
 He means a show, as brilliant as at Cox's—  
 Laugh for the Pit—and may be at the Boxes—  
 Touches of passion, tender, though not tragic,  
 Strokes at the times—a kind of Lantern Magic;  
 Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,  
 The merry-making of a wedding-day.

Whose is this piece?—'tis all surmise—suggestion—  
 Is't *his*?—or *her's*—or *your's*, Sir? that's the question?  
 The parent, bashful, whimsical, or poor,  
 Lest it a puling infant at the door:

A 2

"Twas

\* Arcadia's Countess, *here in ermine pride*,  
 Is there Pastoral by a fountain side. POPP.

## P R O L O G U E.

'T was laid on flowers, and wrapt in fancied cloaks,  
And on the breast was written—*Maid o' th' Oaks*.

The actors crouded round; the girls carefs'd it,

"Lord! the sweet pretty babe!"—they prais'd and blefs'd it, }

The Master peep'd—smil'd—took it in and drefs'd it.

Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse,

Of being smother'd by a parish nurse!

As you're *kind*, rear it—if you're *curious* praise it,

And ten to one but vanity betrays it.





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

Mr. Oldworth,	—	Mr. THOMPSON.
Old Groveby,	—	Mr. FEARON.
Sir Harry Groveby,	—	Mr. DAVIS.
Mr. Dupeley,	—	Mr. LEWIS.
Hurry,	—	Mr. EDWIN.
Shepherds,	—	Mr. CUBIT, &c. JOHNSON.

### WOMEN.

Lady Bab Lardoon,	—	Mrs. ABINGTON.
Maria,	—	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Shepherdesses,	—	Mrs. STUART, &c.
Servants,		

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THE  
MAID of the OAKS.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Part of an ornamented Farm.*

*Enter* SIR HARRY GROVEBY and MR. DUPELY,  
*meeting.*

SIR HARRY.

DEAR Charles, welcome to England! and doubly welcome to Oldworth's Oaks—Friendship I see has wings, as well as love—you arrive at the moment I wished: I hope in your haste you have not forgot a fancy dress.

DUPELEY.

No, no; I am prepar'd for all your whimsies, amorous and poetical. Your summons found me the day after my arrival, and I took post immediately—next to my eagerness to see you, was that of being in time for the Fête Champêtre—Novelty and pleasure are the beings I pursue—They have led me half the world over already, and for ought I know they may some time or other carry me to the Otaheite.

SIR HARRY.

You have pursued but their shadows—here they reign, in the manners of this new New Arcadia, and the smiles of the sweet Maid of the Oaks.

B

DUPELEY.

## THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

DUPELEY.

Who, in the name of curiosity, is she that bears this romantic title? for your letter was a mere eclogue; the devil a thing could I make out, but a rhapsody upon rural innocence, and an invitation from a gentleman I did not know, to an entertainment I never saw—What, are we to have a representation of the Pastor-fido in a Garden?

SIR HARRY.

The Pastor-fido is before you *in propria persona*; the business of the day is a wedding, and Charles Dupely is invited to see his friend, Sir Harry Groveby, united to the most charming of her sex.

DUPELEY.

The devil it is! What a young fellow of your hopes and fortune, sacrificed to a marriage of romance! But, prithee, relieve my impatience and tell me who she is.

SIR HARRY.

An orphan ward of the worthy old gentleman, at whose seat you now are: his character is singular, and as amiable in its way as her's. Inheriting a great estate, and liberally educated, his disposition led him early to a country life, where his benevolence and hospitality are boundless; and these qualities joined with an admiration bordering upon the whimsical, have given a peculiar turn to the manners of the neighbourhood, that, in my opinion, degrades the polish of courts—but judge of the original.

Enter OLDWORTH.

Mr. Oldworth, I present you my friend; he is just arrived from abroad; I will not repeat how much he is worthy of your friendship.

OLDWORTH.



# THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

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OLDWORTH.

To be worthy of your's, Sir Harry, is the best recommendation. [*To Dupeley.*—Sir, your friend, is going to receive from my hands, a lovely girl, whose merit he has discerned and loved for its own sake: such nuptials should recall the ideas of a better age, he has permitted me to celebrate them upon my own plan, and I shall be happy to receive the judgement of an accomplished critic.

DUPELEY.

Sir, by what I already see of Oldworth's Oaks, and know of the character of the master, I am persuaded the talent most necessary for the company will be that of giving due praise.

*Enter HURRY.*

HURRY.

Lord, Sir, come down to the building directly—all the trades are together by the ears—it is for all the world like the tower of Babylon—they have drove a broad-wheel waggon over two hampers of wine, and it is all running among lilies and honey-suckles—one of the cooks stumbled over one of the clouds, and threw a ham and chickens into a tub of white wash—a lamp-lighter spilt a gallon of oil into a creamed apple-tart, and they have sent for more roses, and there is not one left within twenty miles.

OLDWORTH.

Why, honest Hurry, if there is none to be had, you need not be in such haste about 'em—Mercy on us! my Fête has turn'd this poor fellow's head already, he will certainly get a fever.

B 2

HURRY.

THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

HURRY.

Get a favour, Sir!—why there has not been one left these three hours; all the girls in the parish have been scrambling for them, and I must get a hundred yards more—Lord a mercy! there is so much to do at once, and nobody to do it, that it is enough to moider one's head.

*[Oldworth and Hurry talk together.]*

DUPELEY.

Ha, ha, ha, is this one of the examples you produce, Sir Harry, to degrade the polish of courts?

SIR HARRY.

If I did, have you never met with a courtier in your travels, as busy, as important, and as insignificant, upon yet more trifling occasions?—Why, my friend Hurry is the true bustle of an anti-chamber, with this difference, that there is rather more attachment and fidelity to the master at the bottom of it.

*[During this speech Hurry is expressing by his action His impatience for Oldworth to go.]*

HURRY.

Law, Sir, if you loiter longer, I tell you they will all be at loggerheads—they were very near it when I came away. *[Exit.]*

OLDWORTH.

Mr. Dupeley, you'll excuse me—Hurry convinces me my presence is necessary elsewhere—this is a busy day!

DUPELEY.

The greatest compliment you can pay me, is not to look upon me as a stranger.

OLDWORTH.

THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

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OLDWORTH.

I forgot to tell you, Sir Harry, that Lady Bab Lardoon is in the neighbourhood, and I expect her every moment—she promised to be with us long before the hour of general invitation.

DUPELEY.

Who is she pray?

SIR HARRY.

Oh, she's a superior!—a phoenix!—more worthy your curiosity than any object of your travels!—She is an epitome, or rather caricature of what is called *very fine life*, and the first female gamester of the time.

OLDWORTH.

For all that, she is amiable—one cannot help discerning and admiring the natural excellence of her heart and understanding though she is an example that neither is proof against a false education, and a rage for fashionable excesses—But when you see her, she will best explain herself—This fellow will give me no rest.

HURRY returns.

HURRY.

Rest, Sir, why I have not slept this fortnight; come along, Sir, pray make haste—nothing's to be done without it.

OLDWORTH.

Nor with it, honest Hurry. [*Exit with HURRY.*]

DUPELEY.

A cunning old fellow, I warrant!—with *his* ward, and *his* love of merit for its own sake—ha, ha, ha!—pry thee, how came your acquaintance in this odd family?



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SIR HARRY.

Don't sneer, and I will tell you—By mere chance, in a progress of amusement to this side the country: The story is too delicate for thy relish, suffice it that I came, saw, and lov'd—I laid my rank and fortune at the fair one's feet, and would have married instantly; but that Oldworth opposed my precipitancy, and insisted upon a probation of six months absence—It has been a purgatory!

DUPLELEY.

All this is perfectly natural for a man of home education—I should like to see the woman that could entangle *me* in this manner.

SIR HARRY.

There is not a fellow in England has a more susceptible Heart: You may have learnt in your foreign tour to disguise it, but if you have lost it, put all your acquisitions together, and the balance will be against you.

DUPLELEY.

I have learned at least, not to have it imposed upon: Shew me but a woman from an Italian princess, to a figurante at the French opera; or change the scene, and carry me to the rural nymphs from a vintage in Burgundy, to a dance round a may-pole at Oldworth's Oak,—and at the first glance I will discover the whole extent of their artifice, find their true lure, and bring them to my hand as easily as a tame sparrow.

SIR HARRY.

And pray, my sagacious friend, upon what circumstances have you formed your suspicions that  
I am



THE MAID OF THE OAKS. 7

I am more likely to be impos'd upon than yourself?

DUPELEY.

Upon every one I have seen and heard; but above all upon that natural propensity of every true home-bred Englishman, to think one woman different from another—Now I hold there is but one woman in the world.

SIR HARRY.

I perfectly agree, and Maria is that charming one.

DUPELEY.

Ay, but Maria, and Lady Bab, and Pamela Andrews, and Clarissa Harlowe, and the girl that steals a heart in a country church, or she that picks your pocket in Covent-Garden, are one and the same creature for all that—I am always too quick for them, and make fools of them first—Oh do but try them by the principle I have laid down; you'll find them as transparent as glass.

SIR HARRY.

My own principle will answer my purpose just as well; with that perspective I have looked through the woman, and discovered the angel; and you will do the same when you see her, or never brag of your eye-sight more.

DUPELEY.

Rhapsody and enthusiasm!—but what says your uncle, old Groveby, to this match?

SIR HARRY.

Faith I have asked him no questions, and why should I? when I know what ~~must~~ be his answer.

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DUPELEY.

Oh, he can never disapprove a passion that soars above the stars!

SIR HARRY.

He has all the prejudices of his years, and worldly knowledge; the common old Gentleman's character—You may see it in every drama from the days of Terence, to those of Congreve; though not perhaps with quite so much good humour, and so little obstinacy as my uncle shews. He is ever most impetuous, when most kind; and I dare trust his repentment will end with a dramatic forgiveness. Should it not, I may have pride in the sacrifice of his estate, but no regret—So much for fortune, Charles—are there any other means to reconcile me to your approbation?

DUPELEY.

\*Gad I know but one more—Have you laid any plan for succeeding at the divorce shop next winter? It would be some comfort to your friends, to see you had a retreat in your head.

SIR HARRY.

Charles, I have listened to your raillery with more patience than it deserves, and should at last be out of humour with such an importation of conceit and affectation, if I was not sure your good sense would soon get the better of it. This is called knowing the world—to form notions without, perhaps, ever seeing a man in his natural character, or conversing with a woman of principle; and then, for fear of being imposed upon, be really dup'd out of the most valuable feelings in human nature, confidence in friendship, and esteem in love.

*Enter*

THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

2

Enter HURRY.

HURRY.

Lord, Sir, I am out of breath to find you, why almost every thing is ready, except yourself; and Madam Maria is gone to the Grove, and she is so dress'd, and looks so charming!

SIR HARRY.

Propitious be the hour!

[Exit,

DUPELEY.

Oh, take care of yourself, Corydon the first, I shall be time enough; Hurry shall first shew me a little of the preparation—what is going forward here?  
(Approaching the side scene.)

HURRY.

Hold, Sir, not that way; my Master lets nobody see his devices and figaries there.

DUPELEY.

Why, what is he doing there, Hurry?

HURRY.

Doing! as you are a gentleman, I will tell you what he is doing I hope nobody hears us. (Looking about.) Why, he is going to make the sun shine at midnight, and he is covering it with a thousand yards of sail-cloth, for fear the rain should put it out—Lord, such doings!—here, this way, your honour.

DUPELEY.

But hark'ee, honest Hurry, do stand still a moment to oblige me.

HURRY.



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HURRY.

Stand still, Sir!—lord, Sir, if I stand still, every thing stands still; and then what a fine *Sham-Peter* should we make of it! (*Always restless.*)

DUPELEY.

You seem to know every thing here?

HURRY.

To be sure I do—I am no fool I believe—what think you, Sir?

DUPELEY.

He that takes you for a fool, is not over wise, I warrant him; therefore let me ask you a question or two.

HURRY.

To-morrow, Sir, with all my heart; but I have so many questions to ask myself, and so many answers to give, that I have not five minutes to spare.

DUPELEY.

Three minutes will do my business: who is this Maid of the Oaks, friend Hurry?

HURRY.

A young lady, Sir.

DUPELEY.

I thought as much. (*Smiling.*) You are a cour- tier, friend Hurry.

HURRY.

I court her! heaven forbid! she's going to be married, Sir.

DUPELEY.

Well said, Simplicity! If you won't tell me *who* she is, tell me *what* she is!

HURRY.



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HURRY.

She is one of the most charmingest, sweetest, delightfulest, mildest, beautifullest, modestest, genteelest, never to be prais'd enough, young creature in all the world!

DUPELEY.

True courtier again! Who is her father, pray?

HURRY.

It is a wise child that knows its own father; lord bless her! she does not want a father.

DUPELEY.

Not while Mr. Oldworth lives.

HURRY.

Nor when he is dead neither; every body would be glad to be her father, and every body wishes to be her husband; and so, Sir, if you have more questions to ask, I'll answer them another time, for I am wanted here, and there, and every where. (*Bustles about.*)

DUPELEY.

Shew me my chamber to dress, and I'll desire no more of you at present.

HURRY.

Bless your honour for letting me go; I have been very miserable all the while you were talking to me—this way, this way, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

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SCENE II.

*The Oaks.*

MARIA, *sitting under a great Oak,*

SINGS.

*Come sing round my favourite tree,  
Ye songsters that visit the grove,  
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,  
And the hawk is a record of love,*

II.

*Reclin'd on the turf by my side,  
He tenderly pleaded his cause;  
I only with blushes replied,  
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause,*

DA CAPO.

*Come sing, &c.*

*Enter OLDWORTH.*

OLDWORTH.

Joy to my sweet Maria! may long succeeding years resemble this, her bridal hour! may health, and peace, and love, still inspire her song. If there is a wish remaining in your heart within my power to gratify, I hope, in this last hour of my cares, I shall not be a stranger to it.

MARIA.

If I have a wish you have not indulged, Sir, I fear it must be an improper one, or it would not have escaped you.

OLDWORTH.

OLDWORTH.

Before night all mysteries shall be cleared. It is not an ordinary wedding I celebrate, I prepare a feast for the heart—Lady Bab Lardoon, as I live!—the princess of dissipation! catch an observation of her while you can, Maria; for though she has been but three days out of London, she is as uneasy as a mole in sun-shine, and would expire, if she did not soon dive into her old element again.

*Enter* LADY BAB.

LADY BAB.

Dear Maria, I am happy to be the first of your company to congratulate you—Well, Mr. Oldworth, I am delighted with the idea of your Fête; it is so novel, so French, then there is something so spirited in an undertaking of expence, where a shower of rain would spoil it all.

OLDWORTH.

I did not expect to escape from so fine a lady, but you and the world have free leave to comment upon all you see here.

*Laugh where you must, be candid where you can.*

I only hope that to celebrate a joyful event upon any plan, that neither hurts the morals, or politeness of the company, and at the same time sets thousands of the industrious to work, cannot be thought blame worthy.

LADY BAB.

Oh, quite the contrary, and I am sure it will have a run; a force upon the seasons and the manners is the true test of a refined taste, and it holds good from a cucumber at Christmas, to an Italian opera.

MARIA.



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MARIA.

Is the rule the same among the ladies, Lady Bab? is it also a definition of their refinement to act in all things contrary to nature?

LADY BAB.

Not absolutely in all things, though more so than people are apt to imagine; for even in circumstances that seem most natural, fashion prompts ten times, where inclination prompts once; and there would be an end of gallantry at once in this country, if it was not for the sake of reputation.

OLDWORTH.

What do you mean?

LADY BAB.

Why, that a woman without a connection, grows every day a more awkward personage; one might as well go into company without powder—if one does not *really* despise old vulgar prejudices, it is absolutely necessary to affect it, or one must sit at home alone.

OLDWORTH.

Indeed!

LADY BAB.

Yes, like Lady Sprose, and talk morals to the parrot.

MARIA.

This is new, indeed; I always supposed that in places where freedom of manners was most countenanced, a woman of unimpeached conduct carried a certain respect.

LADY BAB.

Only fit for sheep-walks and *Oakeries*!—I beg your pardon, Mr. Oldworth—in town it would just  
raise



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raise you to the whist-party of old Lady Cypher, Mrs. Squabble and Lord Flimzey; and at every public place, you wou'd stand amongst the footmen to call your own chair, while all the macaronies passed by, whistling a song through their tooth-picks, and giving a shrug—*dem it, 'tis pity that so fine a woman shou'd be lost to all common decency.*

MARIA (*smiling.*)

I believe I had better stay in the *Oakery*, as you call it; for I am afraid I shall never procure any *civility* in town, upon the terms required.

LADY BAB.

Oh, my dear, you have chose a horrid word to exprefs the intercourse of the bon ton; *civility* may be very proper in a mercer, when one is choosing a silk, but *familiarity* is the life of good company. I believe this is quite new since your time, Mr. Oldworth, but 'tis by far the greatest improvement the beau monde ever made.

OLDWORTH.

And pray how was this happy revolution effected?

LADY BAB.

By the most charming of all institutions, the revival of the dear coterie, where we us'd to drop in at all hours, play at all parties, pay our own reckonings, and were in every circumstance (petticoats excepted) true, lively, jolly fellows.

OLDWORTH.

Paying of reckonings is I confess new since my time; and I should be afraid it might sometimes be a little heavy upon a lady's pocket.

LADY BAB.

A mere trifle—one generally won them—Jack Saunter of the guards, lost a hundred and thirty to me

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me upon score at one time; but exclusive of that, the club is the greatest system of œconomy for married families, ever yet established.

OLDWORTH.

Indeed! but how so, pray?

LADY BAB.

Why, all the servants might be put to board wages, or sent into the country, except the footman—no plunder of house-keepers, or maitres de hotel, no long butcher's bills—Lady Squander protested she wanted no provision in her family for six months, except potatoes to feed the children, and a few frogs for the French governess—

*Enter Sir* HARRY GROVEBY.

SIR HARRY.

I come to claim my lovely bride—here at her favourite tree I claim her mine!—the hour is almost on the point, the whole country is beginning to assemble; every preparation of Mr. Oldworth's fancy is preparing,

*And while the priest accuse the Bride's delay,  
Roses and myrtles shall obstruct her way.*

MARIA.

Repugnance would be affectation, my heart is all your own, and I scorn the look or action that does not avow it.

OLDWORTH.

Come, Sir Harry, leave your protestations, which my girl does not want, and see a fair stranger.

LADY BAB.

Sir Harry, I rejoice at your happiness—and do not think me so tasteless, Maria, as not to acknowledge attachment

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attachment like yours, preferable to all others, when it can be had—*filer le parfait amour*, is the first happiness in life: but that you know is totally out of the question in town, the matrimonial comforts in *our* way, are absolutely reduced to two; to plague a man, and to bury him; the glory is to plague him first, and *bury him* afterwards. (*Music.*) But hark, I hear the pastoral's beginning. Lord, I hope I shall find a shepherd!

OLD WORTH.

The most elegant one in the world, Mr. Dupeley, Sir Harry's friend.

LADY BAB.

You don't mean Charles Dupely, who has been so long abroad?

SIR HARRY.

The very same, Lady Bab, I wish you would undertake him; he seems to have contracted all the common-place affectation of travel, and thinks himself quite an over-match for the fair sex, of whom his opinion is as ill founded as it is degrading.

LADY BAB.

O, is that his turn? what, he has been studying some late posthumous letters I suppose?—'twould be a delight to make a fool of such a fellow!—where is he?

SIR HARRY.

I appointed to meet him on the other side the Grove; he'll be here in twenty minutes.

LADY BAB.

I'll attend him there in your place—I have it—I'll try my hand a little at *naviété*—he never saw me—the dress I am going to put on for the Fête will do admirably to impose upon him: I'll make an example of his hypocrisy, and his *grâces*, and his *usage du monde*.

[Exit LADY BAB.

Enter

C



18. THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

*Enter HURRY, (running.)*

HURRY.

Here they come! here they come! give them room! pray, Sir, stand a little back—a little further your honourable ladyship, let the happy couple stand foremost—here they come!

OLDWORTH.

And, pray, when you can find breath to be understood, who or what is coming, Hurry?

HURRY.

All the cleverest lads and girls that could be picked out within ten miles round; they have garlands in one hand, and roses in another, and their pretty partners in another, and some are singing, and all so merry!

OLDWORTH.

Stand still, Hurry; you let them in too soon by an hour.

HURRY.

Lord, Sir! 'twas impossible to keep them out.

OLDWORTH.

Impossible! why, I am sure they did not knock you down.

HURRY.

No, but they did worse; for the pretty maids smiled and smirked, and were so coaxing, and they called me dear Hurry, and sweet Hurry, and one call'd me pretty Hurry, and I did but just open the door a moment, flesh and blood could not resist it, and so they all rushed by. Now, Sir Harry! now, your ladyship! you shall see such dancing.

*Enter the Dancers, who form a GRAND DANCE, and finish the First Act.*

A C T

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

*A Grove.*

*Enter HURRY (in great spirits) and GIRL  
(running from one side to the other.)*

G I R L.  
**M**R. Hurry—Mr. Hurry!

H U R R Y.

Here, lass, take this basket, and run away to the church, or you'll be thrown out, and then you won't be married this year—tell all the girls to be sure they strew in time to the music; and bid Dolly Dump smile, and not look as if she was at a funeral.

*[Exit GIRL.]*

What a day of joy is this! I could leap out of my skin, and into it again—here, you, Robin—

*Enter ROBIN.*

R O B I N.

What say you, Master Hurry!

H U R R Y.

What signifies what I say, when you are running and fluttering about, that you can neither hear, see, nor understand!

R O B I N.

Law, Master, I try to do every thing after you—where shall I go next?

H U R R Y.

Run away to the ringers, and set the bells a-going directly—and do you hear (*Robin returns.*) Huzza all of you, till no body can hear the bells. *[Exit ROBIN.]* What have I to do now?—ho, I must go down to the tents. (*Going.*) No, I'll go first to the Shrubbery, and tell the musicianers—(*Going, and returns.*)

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That I have done already—I must take care that none of the servants—that will do by and by. I must bid the maids—’gad I must not go near *them* neither in these rampant spirits—I am so full of every thing, that I can think for nothing but to be mad with joy!

[*Exit singing and capering.*]

(*Noise without.*)

Indeed, Sir, we can’t! it is as much as our places are worth: pray don’t insist upon it.

*Enter Old GROVEBY, booted and splashed, pushing in HURRY.*

GROVEBY.

I must see Sir Harry Groveby; and I will see him. Do ye think, ye Jackanapes, that I come to rob the house?

HURRY.

That is not the case, Sir; nobody visits my master to-day without tickets; all the world will be here, and how shall we find room for all the world, if people were to come how they please, and when they please?

GROVEBY.

What, have you a stage play here, that one cannot be admitted without a ticket?

HURRY.

As you don’t know what we have here to-day, I must desire you to come to-morrow—Sir Harry won’t see you to-day, he has a great deal of business upon his hands; and you can’t be admitted without a ticket; and moreover you are in such a pickle, and nobody will be admitted but in a fanciful dress.

GROVEBY.

This is a dress after my own fancy, Sirrah; and whatever pickle I am in, I will put you in a worse, if you don’t immediately shew me to Sir Harry Groveby——

[*Shaking his whip.*]

HURRY.



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HURRY.

Sir Harry's going to be married—What would the man have?

GROVEBY.

I would have a sight of him *before* he goes to be married. I shall mar his marriage, I believe. (*aside.*) I am his uncle, puppy, and ought to be at the wedding.

HURRY.

Are you so, Sir? Bless my heart! why would you not say so?—This way, good Sir! it was impossible to know you in such a figure; I could sooner have taken you for a smuggler than his uncle; no offence, Sir—If you will please to walk in that Grove there, I'll find him directly—I'm sorry for what has happened—but you did not say you were a gentleman, and it was impossible to take you for one—no offence, I hope.

GROVEBY.

None at all, if you do as I bid you.

HURRY.

That I will, to be sure. I hope you are come to be merry, Sir. [*Exit.*]

GROVEBY.

O, ay to be sure—It is true, I see; I come at the very instant of his perdition—whether I succeed or not, I shall do my duty, and let other folks be merry if they like it—Going to be married! and to whom? to a young girl, without birth, fortune, or without any body's knowing any thing about her; and without so much as saying to me, his uncle, *with your leave, or by your leave*: if he will prefer the indulgence of a boyish passion, to my affection and two thousand pounds per annum; let him be as merry as he pleases. I shall return to Gloomstock-hall and make a new will directly. [*Exit.*]

C 3

SCENE

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SCENE *changes to a GROVE.*

*Enter MARIA.*

MARIA.

I wish I may have strength to support my happiness: I cannot get the better of my agitation; and though this day is to complete my wishes, my heart, I don't know how, feels something like distress—But what strange person is coming this way? How got he admitted in that strange dress?

*Enter GROVEBY.*

GROVEBY.

Madam, your servant; I hope I don't intrude: I am waiting here for a young gentleman—If I disturb you, I'll walk at the other end.

MARIA.

Indeed, Sir, you don't disturb me. Shall I call any body to you, Sir?

GROVEBY.

Not for the world, fair lady; an odd kind of a pert, bustling, restless fellow, is gone to do my business; and if I might be permitted to say a word or two, in the mean time, to so fair a creature, I should acknowledge it a most particular favour: but I intrude, I fear.

MARIA.

Indeed you don't, Sir—I should be happy to oblige you.

GROVEBY.

And you make me happy by such civility—This is a most lovely creature! *[aside.]*

MARIA.

Who can this be? *[aside.]*

GROVEBY.

I find, Madam, there is going to be a wedding here to-day.

MARIA

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MARIA.

Yes, Sir; a very splendid one, by the preparations.

GROVEBY.

A very foolish business to make such a fuss about a matter which both parties may have reason to curse this time twelve-month.

MARIA.

I hope not, Sir—Do you know the parties?

GROVEBY.

One of them, too well, by being a near relation—Do you know the bride, young lady?

MARIA.

Pretty well, Sir; my near acquaintance with her makes me attend here to-day. [*Maria seems confused.*]

GROVEBY.

Might I, without being impertinent, beg to know something about her—but you are partial to her, and won't speak your mind.

MARIA.

I am, indeed, partial to her—every body is too partial to her—her fortune is much above her deserts.

GROVEBY.

Ay, ay, I thought so—sweet lady, your sincerity is as lovely as your person—you really think then, she does not deserve so good a match?

MARIA.

Deserve it, Sir, so far from deserving it, that I don't know that human creature that can deserve Sir Harry Groveby.

GROVEBY.

What a sensible sweet creature this is! (*aside.*) Young lady, your understanding is very extraordinary for your age—you sincerely think then, that this is a very unequal match?

C 4

MARIA.



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MARIA.

Indeed I do, very sincerely——

GROVEBY.

And that it ought not to be.

MARIA.

Ought not to be, Sir! (*hesitating.*) That, Sir, is another question—If Sir Harry has promis'd—and the young lady's affections——

GROVEBY.

Ay, to be sure, the young lady's affections! they are more to be consider'd than the young man's credit, or the old man's happiness—But pray, fair young lady, what are your real sentiments of this incognita?

MARIA.

Upon my word, Sir (*hesitates*) I scarce know how to answer your question—— (*much confus'd.*)

GROVEBY.

Your delicacy to your friend won't let you speak out; but I understand your objections—Nay, I feel 'em so much, that I am come on purpose to break the match.

MARIA. (*astonished.*)

Indeed, Sir!

GROVEBY.

Ay, indeed am I—a silly young puppy! without acquainting me with it, to go so far—I suppose some interested creature, with a little beauty and more cunning, has laid hold of this precious fool of a nephew of mine——

MARIA.

Your nephew, Sir!

GROVEBY.

Yes, yes, my nephew; but he must give up his girl, or renounce the relationship.

MARIA,

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MARIA.

But consider, Sir, what the poor young woman must suffer!

GROVEBY.

She *ought* to suffer, a designing baggage! I'll be hang'd if it is not some demure looking chit, with a fair skin, and a couple of dimples in her cheeks, that has done all this mischief; you think so too, but you won't speak out.

MARIA.

But if Sir Harry is contented with such small accomplishments—

GROVEBY.

He contented, a simpleton! don't say a word in his favour; have not you confessed, though her friend, that she does not deserve him? I'll take your word for it; you have good sense, and can see his folly: you can't give up your friend to be sure: I see your affection struggling with your understanding: but you have convinced me that the fellow's undone.

MARIA.

For heaven's sake, Sir!—I convinced you!

GROVEBY.

Had the young blockhead but half an eye he would have fallen in love with *you*; and if he had, there had been some excuse for his folly; on my word you are so sensible and sincere, I could fall in love with you myself—don't blush, maiden—I protest I never was half so much smitten in so short a time, when I was as young a fool as my nephew—don't blush, damsel—

MARIA.

You overpower me with your goodness: but, Sir, pray let me plead for him.

GROVEBY.

Nay, nay, sweet young lady, don't contradict yourself; you spoke your sentiments at first—truth is a charming

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charming thing, and you're a charming creature, and you should never be asunder. My nephew—(as you hinted at first) is a very silly fellow, and in short it is a damn'd match.

Enter SIR HARRY.

*(Who starts at seeing his Uncle, and looks ashamed.)*

MARIA.

I cannot stand this interview:

[Exit.

GROVEBY.

O, your humble servant, Sir Harry Groveby:

SIR HARRY.

My dear uncle, I am so happy——

GROVEBY.

O, to be sure—you are very happy to see me here. *(Sir Harry looks confused.)* O, ho, you have some modesty left—And so you are going to be married, and forgot that you had an uncle living, did you?

SIR HARRY.

Indeed, Sir, I was afraid to trust your prudence with my seeming indiscretion; but were you to know the object of my choice?

GROVEBY.

Ay, to be sure, I shall be bamboozled as you have been; but where is the old fox, that has made a chicken of you? I shall let him know a piece of my mind.

SIR HARRY.

Mr. Oldworth, Sir, is all probity, he knew nothing of my having an uncle, or he would never have given his consent, without your's.

GROVEBY.

Ay, to be sure, they have set a simpleton-trap, and you have popp'd your head into it; but I have but a short



(THE MAID OF THE OAKS. 27

short word to say to you, give up the lady, or give up me.

SIR HARRY.

Let me intreat you to see her first.

GROVEBY.

I have seen a young lady; and I am so put upon my mettle by your ingratitude, that if she would but talk to me half an hour longer, I'd take her without a petticoat to Gloomstock-Hall, and have my Champêtre-wedding too.

SIR HARRY.

You are at liberty, Sir——

GROVEBY.

To play the fool, as you have done—her own friend and companion told me she was undeserving!

SIR HARRY.

That Maria was undeserving! where is she who told you so? who is she?

GROVEBY.

Your aunt, Sir, that may be; if I could get to talk to her again—so don't be in your airs——

SIR HARRY.

Should she dare to hint, or utter the least injurious syllable of my Maria, I would forget her sex, and treat her——

GROVEBY.

And if you should dare to hint, or mutter the least injurious syllable of my passion, I should forget our relationship, and treat you—zounds! I don't know how I should treat you.

SIR HARRY.

But, dear Sir, who is the slanderer? she has deceived you.

GROVEBY.

I don't know her name, and you must not call her names.

SIR

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SIR HARRY.

Where did you see her?

GROVEBY.

Here, here.

SIR HARRY.

When, Sir?

GROVEBY.

This moment, Sir.

SIR HARRY.

As I came in, Sir?

GROVEBY.

Yes, Sir, yes—she could not bear the sight of you,  
and went away.

SIR HARRY.

Dear Sir, that was Maria herself.

GROVEBY.

Maria! what?

SIR HARRY.

Maria, the Maid of the Oaks, my bride that is to  
be.

GROVEBY.

That's a fib, Harry, it can't be, and shan't be.

SIR HARRY.

It can be no other, and she is the only person upon  
earth, that could speak without rapture of herself.

GROVEBY.

And she is the person you are going to marry?

SIR HARRY.

I cannot deny it.

GROVEBY.

If you did, you ought to be hang'd—follow me,  
Sir, follow me, Sir—shew me to her this moment—  
don't look with that foolish face, but lead the way,  
and bring me to her, I say.

SIR

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SIR HARRY.

What do you mean, Sir?

GROVEBY.

What's that to you, Sir—shew me the girl, I say; she has bamboozled you and me too, and I will be reveng'd.

SIR HARRY.

But, dear Sir?

GROVEBY.

Don't dear me, I won't rest a moment 'till I have seen her; either follow me or lead the way, for I must and will see her directly, and then you shall know, and she too, that I am—zounds! I'll shew you what I am—and so come along, you puppy you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Flower Garden.*

*Enter Lady BAB, dressed as a Shepherdess, passing over the Stage, OLDWORTH following.*

OLDWORTH.

Hist, hist, Lady Bab. Here comes your prize; for the sake of mirth, and the revenge of your sex, don't miss the opportunity.

LADY BAB.

Not for the world; you see I am dress'd for the purpose. I have been out of my wits this half hour, for fear the scene should be lost, by interruption of the company—what is that he?

OLDWORTH.

Yes, he is looking out for us.

LADY BAB.

Step behind that stump of shrubs, and you shall see what an excellent actress I should have made, if fortune

tune



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tune had not luckily brought me into the world an Earl's daughter.

OLDWORTH.

Don't be too hasty, for it is a pity Sir Harry should not be a witness; he owes him vengeance too.

LADY BAB.

Away, away— [Exit OLDWORTH.]

*Lady Bab retires to a corner of the stage.*

Enter DUPELEY.

Where the devil is Sir Harry? this is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose bush by and by, like two pheasants in pairing-time—(*observing Lady Bab.*) Hah! I wish that was a piece of game, she should not want a mate: is that a dress now for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region? Oh! I perceive now, it is all pure Arcadian; it is evident her eyes have been used to nothing but daisy hunting; they are as awkward to her, when she looks at a man, as her elbows would be in a French Berline.

LADY BAB. (*aside.*)

My spark does not seem to want observation, he is only deficient in expression; but I will help him to that presently. Now to my character. (*settles herself.*)

DUPELEY. (*aside.*)

What a neck the creature has! how beautifully nature works, when she is not spoil'd by a damn'd town stay-maker; (*she curtsies.*) what a pity she is so awkward! I hope she is not foolish.

(*During this observation, he keeps his eye fixed upon her neck; Lady Bab looks first at him, then at herself; unpins her nosegay, and with an air of the most perfect navet , presents it to him.*)

LADY

THE MAID OF THE OAKS. 31

LADY BAB.

You seem to wish for my nosegay, Sir, it is much at your service.

*(Offers the flowers and curtsseys awkward.)*

DUPELEY.

Oh, the charming innocent! my wishes extend a little further. A thousand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. *(puts the nosegay in his bosom.)* To whom am I so much obliged?

LADY BAB.

To the garden-man, to be sure; he has made flowers to grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet; pray smell 'em, they are charming sweet I assure you, and have such fine colours—law! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think.

*(Simpers and looks at him.)*

DUPELEY.

Exquisite simplicity! *(half aside)* sweet contrast to fashionable affectation—Ah, I saw at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

LADY BAB.

Lack-a-dazy heart! how could you hit upon my temper so exactly?

DUPELEY.

By a certain instinct I have, for I have seen few, or none of the sort before; but, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

LADY BAB.

Situation!

DUPELEY.

Ay, what are you?

LADY BAB.

I am a bride maid,

DUPELEY.

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DUPELEY.

But, my sweet image of simplicity, when you are not a bride maid, what is your way of life? how do you pass your time?

LADY BAB.

I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employ'd, dance upon a holiday, and eat brown bread with content. *(with an innocent curtsy.)*

DUPELEY.

O, the delicious description!—beachen shades, bleating flocks, and pipes, and pastorals. *(aside.)* What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of Champêtre!—'tis but an annuity job—I'll do it.

*(During this soliloquy she examines him round and round.)*

LADY BAB.

And pray, he, he, he, what may you be? for I never saw—any thing so out of the way in all my life!—he, he, he! *(simpering.)*

DUPELEY.

Me, my dear—I am a gentleman.

LADY BAB.

What a *fine* gentleman! bleis me, what a thing it is!—this is a fine gentleman! ha, ha, ha! I never saw any thing so comical in all my life—ha, ha, ha! and this is a fine gentleman, of which I have heard so much!

DUPELEY.

What is the matter, my dear? is there any thing ridiculous about me, that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my sweet innocence?

LADY BAB.

That they are as gaudy as peacocks, as mischievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks.—



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DUPELEY.

And as loving as sparrows—my beauteous Delia, do not leave out the best property of the feather'd creation.

LADY BAB.

No, no, I did not mean to leave out that ; I know you are very loving—of yourselves ; ha, ha, ha ! You are a sort of birds that *flock* but never *pair*.

DUPELEY.

Why, you are satirical my fairest ; and have you heard any thing else of fine gentlemen ?

LADY BAB.

Yes, a great deal more—That they take wives for fortunes, and mistresses for shew ; squander their money among taylors, barbers, cooks, and fidlers ; pawn their honour to sharpers, and their estates to Jews ; and at last run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimzy carcass, and an empty pocket—that's a fine gentleman for you !

DUPELEY. (*surprised.*)

Hey dey ! where has my Arcadian picked up this jumble ?

LADY BAB.

I am afraid I have gone too far. (*aside.*)

DUPELEY. (*still surprised.*)

Pray, my dear, what is really your name ?

LADY BAB. (*resuming her simplicity.*)  
My name is Philly.

DUPELEY.

Philly !

LADY BAB.

Philly Nettletop, of the vale.

DUPELEY. (*still suspicious.*)

And pray, my sweet Philly, where did you learn this character of a fine gentleman ?

D

LADY

LADY BAB.

O, I learnt it with my catechism—Mr. Oldworth has it taught to all the young maidens here about.

DUPELEY. (*aside.*)

O, the glutton!—have I found at last the *clue*—I'll be hang'd if old fly-boots has not a rural seraglio, and this is the favourite sultana.

LADY BAB. (*aside.*)

I fancy I have put him upon a new scent—why, a real fool now would not have afforded half this diversion.

DUPELEY. (*significantly.*)

So it is from Mr. Oldworth, is it, my charming *innocence*, that you have learnt to be so afraid of fine gentlemen?

LADY BAB.

No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmless if one treats you right, as I do our young mastiff at home.

DUPELEY.

And how is that, pray?

LADY BAB.

Why, while one keeps at a distance, he frisks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears, and grumbles, and makes a sad rout about it—Lord you'd think he would devour one at a mouthful! but if one does but walk boldly up and look him in the face, and ask him what he wants, he drops his ears and runs away directly.

DUPELEY.

Well said, rural simplicity again!—O damn it, I need not be so squeamish here!—Well but, my dear heavenly creature, don't commit such a sin, as to waste your youth, and your charms upon a set of rusticks here; fly with me to the true region of pleasure—my chaise and four shall be ready at the back gate of the park,

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park, and we will take the opportunity, when all the servants are drunk, as they certainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

LADY BAB. (*fondly.*)

And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays, and Sundays, and all?

DUPELEY. (*afide.*)

Oh, this will do without an annuity, I see!

LADY BAB.

You'll forget all this prittle-prattle gibberish to me now, as soon as you see the fine strange ladies, by and by, there's Lady Bab Larpoon, I think they call her, from London.

DUPELEY.

Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed! Oh, you have named a special object for a passion—I should as soon be in love with the figure of the Great Mogul at the back of a pack of cards—If *she* has any thing to do with *hearts*, it must be when they are trumps, and she pulls them out of her pocket—No, sweet Philly; thank heaven that gave me insight into the sex, and reserv'd me for a woman in her native charms—here alone she is to be found, and paradise is on her lips! (*struggling to kiss her.*) Thus let me thank you for my nosegay.

*During the struggle enter HURRY.*

HURRY.

Oh, lady Bab, I come to call your ladyship. (*pauses.*) Lord, I thought they never kiss'd at a wedding till after the ceremony; but they cannot begin too soon—I ask pardon for interruption. (*going.*)

(*Dupeley stares, Lady Bab laughs.*)

DUPELEY.

Stay, Hurry; who was you looking for?

HURRY.

Why, I came with a message for Lady Bab Larder,



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and would have carried her answer, but you stopp'd her mouth.

DUPELEY.

Who! what! who!—This is Philly Nettletop!

HURRY.

Philly Fiddlestick—'Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you; do you think I don't know her because she has got a new dress? But you are surpriz'd and busy, and I am in haste, so your servant. *[Exit.]*

DUPELEY.

Surpriz'd indeed!—Lady Bab Lardoon!

LADY BAB.

No, no, Philly Nettletop! *(curtseys.)*

DUPELEY.

Here's a damn'd scrape! *(aside.)*

LADY BAB.

In every capacity, Sir *a rural innocent*, Mr. Oldworth's mistress, or the Great Mogul, equally grateful for your favourable opinion.

*(Slowly, and with a low curtesy.)*

*Enter OLDWORTH and SIR HARRY, (laughing.)*

Mr. Oldworth, give me leave to present to you a gentleman remarkable for second sight; he knows all women by instinct.

SIR HARRY.

From a Princess to a figurante, from a vintage to a May-pole—I am rejoiced, I came in time for the catastrophe.

LADY BAB.

Mr. Oldworth, there is your travell'd man for you! and I think I have given a pretty good account of him. *(Pointing at Dupeley who is disconcerted.)* Upon my word, Mr. Dupeley, considering you have not been two hours in the house, you have succeeded admirably, to recommend yourself to your company; why

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why you look as if you had gone your *va toute* upon a false card.

DUPELEY.

The devil's in her, I believe; she overbears me so, that I have not a word to say for myself.

LADY BAB.

Well, though I laugh now, I am sure I have most reason to be disconcerted, for that blundering fellow spoil'd my fortune.

SIR HARRY.

How so?

LADY BAB.

Why, I should have had an annuity.

OLDWORTH.

Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourselves admirably: Mr. Dupely must forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab, like a generous conqueror, should bear the triumph moderately.

DUPELEY.

I own myself her captive, bound in her chains, and thus I lay all my former laurels at her feet. (*Kneels.*)

LADY BAB.

What, at the feet of the Great Mogul on the back of a pack of cards?

DUPELEY.

Quarter, quarter, my dear invincible!

SIR HARRY.

Now this scene is finished, let me open another to you—Maria's charms have been as much signalized as her ladyship's wit—my old uncle Groveby—

LADY BAB.

Of Gloomstock-hall.

SIR HARRY.

The same, and full primed with the rhetoric of sixty-five, against the marriage of inclination; but such a conversion! such a revolution!

OLDWORTH.

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OLDWORTH.

Your uncle here! I must chide you, Sir Harry, for concealing from me, that you had a relation, so well entitled to be consulted—which way is he?

SIR HARRY.

I left him all in transport with my bride; he kisses her, and squeezes her hand—'gad, I shan't get her away from him, without your help.

DUPELEY.

Poor Sir Harry!

LADY BAB.

If she has sweetened that old crab, that his founess will not set our teeth an edge, she has work'd miracles indeed.

*Enter GROVEBY with MARIA under his arm.*

Sir HARRY, (*running to her.*)

I was coming to seek you, my Maria.

GROVEBY.

Your Maria! Sir, my Maria—*she* will own me, if you won't—there, Sir, let her teach you your duty.

[*Quitting Maria, and retires.*]

OLDWORTH.

Oh, my heart! my heart! what a moment is this? I cannot bear it! the tide's too strong, and will o'erwhelm me.

MARIA.

What is the cause of this?

OLDWORTH.

You are, Maria—you!

MARIA.

Am I, Sir?—heav'n forbid!

OLDWORTH.

Heaven has granted it, and I avow it—I have liv'd to see in these times, successful merit, and disinterested love—my hopes and wishes are accomplish'd! my long projected joys are full, and I will proclaim 'em! I have a child!



MARIA.

Sir!

OLDWORTH.

Come to my arms, Maria! thy father's arms! if my lips fail me, let my heart, in throbs, speak the discovery.

MARIA.

O, Sir! explain this mystery!

OLDWORTH.

Know, Maria, the hour of your birth made *me* a widower, and *you* a splendid heiress; I trembled at the dangers of that situation, made more dangerous by the loss of your mother—to be the object of flattery in the very cradle, and made a prey to interest is the common lot attending it—These reflections, induced me to conceal your birth; to you, Sir Harry, I shall make no apology for my secrecy; it has served to give scope and exercise to your generosity, a sensation more gratifying to minds, like your's, than any acquisition of fortune—that pleasure past, accept now, with Maria's hand, the inheritance of Oldworth's Oaks.

SIR HARRY.

Sir, your conduct does not surprise, but it overwhelms me—long may you remain the possessor of Oldworth's Oaks! when you cease to be so, he will ill deserve to succeed you, who does not make your example the chief object of his imitation.

OLDWORTH.

Come, now, my good friends for a song, to conclude the festivity of the evening.

(Short

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(Short flourish of Instruments.)

V A U D E V I L L E.

SHEPHERD.

*Ye fine fangled folks, who from cities and courts,  
By your presence enliven the fields,  
Accept for your welcome innocent sports,  
And the fruits that your industry yields,*

CHORUS. Ye fine fangled folks, &c.

*No temple we raise to the idol of wealth,  
No altar to interest smokes,  
To the blessings of love, kind seasons and health,  
Is devoted the Feast of the Oaks.*

CHORUS. No temple we raise, &c.

SHEPHERDESS.

*From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt,  
The villagers hasten away,  
Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want,  
To compensate the toils of the day.*

CHORUS. From the thicket, &c.

*The milk-maid abandons her pail and her cow,  
In the furrow the plowman unyokes,  
From the valley and meadow all press to the brow,  
To assist at the Feast of the Oaks.*

CHORUS. The milk-maid, &c.

SHEPHERD.

*The precept we teach is contentment and truth,  
That our girls may not learn to beguile,  
By reason to govern the pleasures of youth,  
And decorate age with a smile;*

CHORUS. The precept we teach, &c.

No

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*No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,  
No raven with ominous croaks,  
Nor rancorous critic, more fatal than both,  
Shall poison the Feast of the Oaks.*

CHORUS. No serpent approaches, &c.

SHEPHERDESS.

*Bring roses, and myrtles, new circlets to weave,  
Ply the flutes in new measures to move,  
And lengthen the song to the star of the eve,  
The favouring planet of love.*

CHORUS. Bring roses and myrtles, &c.

*Oh Venus! propitious attend to the lay,  
Each shepherd the blessing invokes;  
May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,  
Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks.*

CHORUS. Oh Venus! propitious, &c.

THE END.

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EPI.



# E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

IN Parliament, whene'er a question comes,  
Which makes the *Chief* look grave, and bite his thumbs,  
A knowing-one is sent, sly as a mouse,  
To peep into the humour of the house:  
I am that mouse; peeping at friends and foes,  
To find which carry it—the *Ayes* or *Noes*:  
With more than pow'r of parliament you sit,  
Despotic representatives of wit!  
For in a moment, and without much pother,  
You can *dissolve* this piece, and call another!  
As 'tis no treason, let us frankly see,  
In what they differ, and in what agree,  
The said supreme assembly of the nation,  
With this our great Dramatic *Convocation*!  
Business in both oft meets with interruption:  
In both we trust, no *brib'ry* or *corruption*;  
Both proud of freedom, have a turn to riot,  
And the best *Speaker* cannot keep you quiet:  
Nay *there* as *here* he knows not how to steer him—  
When *order*, *order's* drown'd in *hear him! hear him!*  
We have, unlike to them, one constant rule,  
We open doors, and choose our Gall'ries full:  
For a full house both sent abroad their summons  
With us together sit the Lords and Commons.  
You Ladies here have votes—debate, dispute,  
There if you go (O *fye* for shame!) you're mute:  
Never was heard of such a persecution,  
'Tis the great blemish of the constitution,  
No human laws should *nature's* rights abridge,  
Freedom of speech! our dearest privilege:  
Ours is the wiser sex, though deem'd the weaker  
I'll put the question—if you chuse me speaker:  
Suppose me now be-wigg'd, and seated here,  
I call to *Order!*—you, the *Chair!* the *Chair!*  
Is it your pleasure that this Bill should pass—  
Which grants this Poet, upon Mount Parnass',  
A certain spot, where never grew or corn or grass?  
You that would pass this play, say *Aye*, and save it;  
You that say *No* would damn it—the *Ayes* have it.